

## THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of "The Gray Cloud," "The Puppet Master"

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"I have humiliated you in a hundred ways, and for this I want you to forgive me. I sent the butler away for the very purpose of making you serve in his stead. But you were so good about it all, with never a murmur of rebellion, that I grew ashamed of my part in the comedy. But now—" Her eyes closed and her body arched; but she clenched her hands, and the faintness passed away. "But for you, my poor father would have been dishonored and I should have been forced into the arms of a man whom I despise. Whenever I have humiliated you, you have returned the gift of a kind deed. You will forgive me?"

"Forgive you! There is nothing for me to forgive on my side, much on yours. It is you who should forgive me. What you have done I have deserved." His tongue was thick and dry. How much did she know?

"No, not wholly deserved it." She fumbled with the buttons of her waist; her eyes were so full that she could not see. She produced an oblong slip of paper.

When he saw it a breath as of ice enveloped him. The thing she held out toward him was the canceled note. For a while he did me the honor to believe that I had betrayed him.

"I understand the kind and generous impulse which prompted this deed. Oh, I admire it, and I say to you, God bless you! But don't you see how impossible it is? It can not be; no, no! My father and I are proud. What we owe we shall pay. Poverty, to be accepted without plaint, must be without debts of gratitude. But it was noble and great of you; and I knew that you intended to run away without ever letting any one know."

"Who told you?"

"No one, I guessed it."

"And he might have deigned all knowledge of it!"

"Won't you—won't you let it be as it is? I have never done anything worth while before, and this has made me happy. Won't you let me do this? Only you need know. I am going away on Monday, and it will be years before I see Washington again. No one need ever know."

"It is impossible!"

"Why?"

She looked away. In her mind's eye she could see this man leading a troop through a snow-storm. How the wind roared! How the snow whirled and eddied about them, or suddenly blotted them from sight! But on and on, resolutely, courageously, hopefully he led them on to safety.

He was speaking, and the picture dissolved.

"Won't you let it remain just as it is?" he pleaded.

Her head moved negatively, and once more she extended the note. He took it and slowly tore it into shreds. With it he was tearing up the dream and tossing it down the winds.

"The money will be placed to your credit at the bank on Monday. We can not accept such a gift from any one. You would not, I know. But always shall I treasure the impulse. It will give me courage in the future—when I am fighting alone."

"What are you going to do?"

"I? I am going to appear before the public,"—with assumed lightness; "I and my violin."

He struck his hands together. "The stage?"—horried.

"I must live,"—calmly.

"But a servant to public caprice?"



HE WAS DUMB.

good woman happy, whether she loved or not. And you would have gone away without telling me, even?"

"Yes." He dug into the earth with his riding-boot. If only she knew how she was crucifying him!

"Why were you going away without telling me?"

He was dumb.

Her arms and eyes, uplifted, appealed to heaven. "What shall I say? How shall I make him understand?" she murmured. "You love me, and you ask for nothing? Is it because in spirit my father has committed a crime?"—growing tall and darting a proud glance at him.

"Good heaven, do not believe that!" he cried.

"What am I to believe?"—tapping the ground with her boot so that the spur jingled.

A pause.

"Mr. Warburton, do you know what a woman loves in a man? I will tell you the secret. She loves courage, constancy, and honor, purpose that surmounts obstacles; she loves pursuit; she loves the hour of surrender. Every woman builds a castle of romance and waits for Prince Charming to enter, and once he does, there must be a game of hide and seek. Perhaps I have built my castle of romance, too. I wait for Prince Charming, and a man comes, dressed as a groom. There has been a game of hide and seek, but somehow he has tripped. Will you not ask me if I love you?"

"No, no! I understand. I do not want your gratitude. You are meeting generosity with generosity. I do not want your gratitude,"—brokenly. "I want your love, every thought of your mind, every beat of your heart. Can you give me these honestly?"

She drew off a glove. Her hand became lost in her bosom. When she drew it forth she extended it, palm upward. Upon it lay a faded, withered rose. Once more she turned her face away.

He was at her side, and the hand and rose were crushed between his two hands.

"Can you give what I ask? Your love, your thoughts, your heart-beats?" It was her turn to remain dumb.

"Can you?" He drew her toward him perhaps roughly, being unconscious of his strength and the nervous energy which the sight of the rose had called into being.

"Can we give those things which are already given?"

Only Warburton and the angels, or rather the angels and Warburton, to get at the chronological order of things, heard her, so low had grown her voice.

You may tell any kind of a secret to

a horse; the animal will never betray you. Warburton would never tell me what followed; and I am too sensible to hang around the horses in hopes of catching them in the act of talking over the affair among themselves. But I can easily imagine this bit of equine dialogue:

Jane: Did you ever see such foolishness?

Dick: Never! And with all this good grass about!

Whatever did follow caused the girl to murmur: "This is the lover I love; this is the lover I have been waiting for in my castle of romance. I am glad that I have lost all worldly things; I am glad, glad! When did you first learn that you loved me?"

(Old, very old; thousands of years old, and will grow to be many thousand years older. But from woman's lips it is the sweetest question man ever heard.)

"At the Gare du Nord, in Paris; the first time I saw you."

"And you followed me across the ocean?"—wonderingly.

"And when did you first learn that you loved me?" he asked.

(Oh the trite phrases of lovers' litany.)

"When I saw you in the police-court. Mercy; what a scandal! I am to marry my butler!"

Jane: They are laughing!

Dick: That is better than weeping. Besides, they will probably walk us home. (Wise animal!)

He was not only wise but prophetic. The lovers did walk the horses home. Hand in hand they came back along the road, through the flame and flush of the ripening year. The god of light burned in the far west, blending the brown earth with his crimson radiance, while the purple shadows of the approaching dusk grew larger and larger. The man turned.

"What a beautiful world it is!" he said.

"I begin to find it so," replied the girl, looking not at the world, but at him.

[THE END.]

Postscript: I believe they sent William back for the saddle-hamper and my Jehu's cap.

### He Was a Southerner.

A line of colored bell boys sat in the hotel office. They were lazy, independent and hopelessly stupid. Suddenly a new arrival swung through the door, swung a bag in their direction, which they sprang to get, told them to see how much his cabman wanted. Two rushed to do it, and then with an absent-minded little nod he had them all standing on tiptoe to get him ice water, newspapers whatever he wished or didn't wish, says the New York Evening Sun.

A couple of New Yorkers who had stopped writing letters to watch this sudden and mysterious change, waited discreetly until the man disappeared into the elevator then they marched over to the desk. "Who was that, a prize-fighter or a president?" they demanded of the clerk. "Why, he made those darkies dance around with-out even looking at them." The clerk showed the register toward them, they read, stared and whistled. "Just a Southerner. Now how the dickens did those boys know?"

### RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL			
Corrected May 30, 1912.			
South Bound	101	108	121
Lv. Cincinnati	8:30am	9:00pm	7:31am
Lv. Louisville	12:01pm	9:40pm	
Lv. Owensboro	6:30pm	9:00am	
Lv. Horse Branch	3:25pm	12:08am	11:05am
Lv. Central City	3:30pm	1:03am	12:30pm
Lv. Evansville	4:08pm	1:40am	1:28pm
Lv. Nashville	12:50pm	4:40pm	8:30am
Lv. Knoxville	7:00pm	8:05am	
Lv. Hopkinton	9:45pm	11:30am	
Lv. Princeton	4:56 m	2:27am	2:55pm
Ar. Paducah	6:10pm	3:40am	4:15pm
Ar. Paducah	6:15pm	3:45am	4:30pm
Ar. Princeton	7:50pm	4:00am	6:00pm
Ar. Gibson, Tenn	8:05pm	5:15am	
Ar. Rives	8:13pm	6:01am	
Ar. Jackson	11:00am	7:15am	
Ar. Memphis	11:00am	8:30am	
Ar. N. Orleans	10:35am	8:15pm	
North Bound	101	104	122
Lv. N. Orleans	7:10pm	9:15am	
Lv. Memphis	6:45am	8:50pm	
Lv. Jackson	8:07am	11:25pm	
Lv. Rives	10:15am	11:58pm	
Lv. Princeton	10:15am	12:35pm	6:00am
Ar. Paducah	11:35am	1:45am	7:40am
Ar. Paducah	11:35am	1:45am	7:50am
Ar. Princeton	12:30pm	3:05am	9:20am
Ar. Hopkinsville	6:15pm	5:20am	
Ar. Nashville	9:15pm	8:10am	
Ar. Evansville	3:45pm	9:40am	6:10am
Ar. Knoxville	1:25pm	3:51am	10:35am
Ar. Central City	3:05pm	4:30am	11:30am
Ar. Horse Branch	3:30pm	5:00am	12:30pm
Ar. Owensboro	4:55pm	6:00am	1:15pm
Ar. Louisville	5:35pm	7:15am	4:55pm
Ar. Cincinnati	9:15pm	12:10 m	

ST. LOUIS DIVISION			
North Bound	305	374	
Lv. Paducah	12:40pm	4:30pm	
Ar. Cincinnati	6:25pm	8:40pm	
Ar. Chicago	6:50am	6:30pm	
Ar. St. Louis	8:05pm	7:20am	
South Bound	305	375	
Lv. St. Louis	7:45am	9:40pm	
Lv. Chicago	2:40am	6:30pm	
Lv. Cincinnati	11:40am	7:05am	
Ar. Paducah	8:35pm	11:00am	

CAIRO-NASHVILLE LINE			
North Bound	101-801	128-836	
Lv. Nashville	8:10am	6:40 am	
Lv. Paducah	2:30 pm	7:45 am	
Ar. Princeton	4:15 pm	9:25 am	
Ar. Paducah	6:15pm	9:30 am	
Ar. Cairo	7:45 pm	11:10 am	
Ar. Chicago	7:40 am	4:30 pm	
Ar. St. Louis	6:30 am	9:30 pm	

SOUTH BOUND			
122-822	136-836		
Lv. Chicago	6:20 pm	9:40 am	
Lv. St. Louis	9:40 pm	1:00 pm	
Lv. Cairo	6:00 am	5:55pm	
Ar. Paducah	7:45 am	7:40 pm	
Ar. Paducah	7:50 am	8:10 pm	
Ar. Princeton	9:30am	4:45 pm	
Ar. Hopkinsville	11:30am	8:10 pm	
Ar. Nashville	9:25pm	9:25pm	

Trains marked thus \* run daily except Sunday. All other trains run daily.

Trains 101 and 104 carry through sleepers between Cincinnati, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 101 and 104 sleepers between Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 801 and 822 sleepers between Paducah and St. Louis. Train 801 connects at East Ca ro with Chicago sleeper.

For further information address J. T. Donavan, agent, city ticket office, 21 E. N. Fracker, Union Depot, Paducah, F. W. Harlow, D. P. A. Louisville, Ky. John A. Scott, A. G. P. A. Memphis, Tenn. C. C. Hatch, G. P. A. Chicago, Ill. W. R. Brill, F. R. A. St. Louis Mo.

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### IMPROVEMENT WORK.

Suggestions By the Augusta, Ga., "Herald," for Study in Other Localities.

In all of the talk about beautifying Augusta, too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of redeeming the waste spaces. The cities that have most marvelously transformed themselves are those that have not allowed an open space to remain unutilized by the apostles of beauty. When it comes to the great park systems, the municipality, as a rule, does its full duty, sometimes, it is true, making errors in a judgment, but generally proving indefatigable in the matter of keeping at the thing. The smaller spaces, however are thought of such little importance that they are more frequently than not overlooked by the great powers that be; and unless private citizens take up the matter, it remains undone.

That the improving of all open spaces is not a small matter, however, is proven by the fact that more than one distinguished landscape artist has devoted a great deal of time to the study of how to make these small wildernesses blossom like the rose, and that countless magazine articles are written on the subject.

Long before the present generation had any volition in the matter, much was done for Augusta in the planting of trees down Greene street, future generations having left for them only the comparatively easy task of keeping the trees and grass in good condition and renewing the growth that dies. Aside from the green, we have very few open spaces, especially now that commerce has taken complete possession of a part of the river bank that might have been made into a beautiful water-side garden, the part that is left being somewhat too restricted in space to present any very remarkable opportunities. Still we have the vacant lot. And how many vacant lots there are in Augusta! At present they seem to be given over wholly to the scraps of paper that possess our streets to an appalling extent, in spite of the ordinances prohibiting their being made visible except in trash boxes. Make gardens of them. Some time ago it was pointed out how it was possible to greatly help the poor by making use of the vacant city lots for vegetable gardens; but nothing has ever been done about it here, and so there seems to be nothing left but for the city to do some kind of beautifying work, or to compel the owners of lots to see that it is done.

A certain great landscape architect made a number of Bostonians furiously angry by severely criticising the variety of plans used in the public gardens and parks of their city. He made the point that strangers visiting the city at certain brief seasons of the year would be given the impression that it had a semi-tropical climate, while at other seasons—when the carefully cultured foreign growths had given way to the severity of the long Boston winters—that the city had no climate at all. He thought that there should be made use of in the open air only such plants and flowers as were indigenous to the soil.

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